

A RETAILED HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

HOW TO SCREAM IN THIS MACABRE COLLECTOR'S ISSUE

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SCREAM

T.M.

SCREAM

SCREAM



PROLOGUE to a SCREAM...



... the art of SCREAMING is lost ...

... the horrors of 1973 are not **SLITHER** horrors ... they are **EVERYDAY HORRORS**, such as **WAR** and **POVERTY** ... not the **HORRORS OF THE MIND** that were **YESTERDAY'S** everyday horrors

... yesterday we were frightened by a footstep in the dark, the banging of a shuttered window, the waitress and the atmosphere of the local cemetery. But no more ... now we seem to **KNOW** that a banging window is only the wind, that the atmosphere in a **GRAVEYARD** is our **IMAGINATION**, that the sound of a **FOOTSTEP** behind us is merely a **MUGGER** sneaking up ... what **HORROR** is there about a **MUGGER**? Yesterday ... that footstep meant that something **DEAD** and **BURIED PREMATURELY** had **RISEN** from his **CRYPT** ... and a **BANGING SHUTTER** meant the presence of a **VENGEFUL GHOST** in your bedroom ...

... and yesterday, when you heard the wailing of a wolf in the distance you felt **FEAR** well-up within ... and yesterday, when you saw a **SHADOW** walking across the **GRAVES** on your midnight graveyard junket you covered your **MOUTH** with your **HAND**, for you were **AFRAID** to **SCREAM**; afraid that a **SCREAM** might wake up **MORE** of the **DEAD** ...

... the purpose of this magazine is to re-introduce you to horror ... long **LOST** horror ... long **BURIED** horror ... **HORROR** that **OUR** era has never really **KNOWN** ...

... herein the graphic-story medium's finest illustrators are collected to present eleven tales out of hell ... eleven weirdly different and imaginative masterpieces of comic-literature all-original ... all-horror ... never-before-published ...

... this is the first issue of the magazine that is an excursion into illustrated horror ... in **1**, **SLIME** you will meet the archaic **Shoekes** host who will take you **BEYOND** the here and now as each weird tale is told ... it is our sincere hope that the art of **SCREAMING** will be **RE-KINDLED** with this **MACABRE COLLECTOR'S FIRST ISSUE** ...

this is **NOSFERATU** ...

... a **MONSTER** who is rarely called a **MAN** the **BODY** is somewhat **HUMAN** ... it is **HE** who calls together 12 macabre **OTHER-THINGS** and **ORDERS** them to **TELL** their life-stories ... within this **COLLECTOR'S FIRST ISSUE** we witness the **BIRTH** of an **EXPLOSIVE** new series titled after its principal character ... the **THING** known as **NOSFERATU** ...



— PUBLISHED BY ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

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DELA ROSA — DOMINGO — JOSE GUAL

RUBIO — FERRAN SOSTRES — VILLAMONTE ZESAR

SCREAM

— EDITED AND WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON —

A SKYWALK HORROR MOOD MAGAZINE

ISLINE

Where Lunatics live

...HICKORY DICKORY DOCK

WEIRD WARPED TALES OF LUNATIC SCREAMING HORRORS

WEIRD GOATS
BLACK WOLVES
AND LUNATIC HORRORS

...THE STRANGE PAINTINGS OF JAY CRUMB...

THE TALE OF THE PERFECT CRIME

THE GOMIGS MAGABRE

THIS ARCHAI BREEDING GROUND...



VOLUME 1 NUMBER ONE

AUGUST 1973

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION

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... welcome to SCREAM #1 ...

... this magazine is the beginning of a new era, both for SKYWALD PUBLISHING and for YOU ... because this magazine represents exactly what you, the reader, want to see in a HORROR MAGAZINE ...

... SCREAM is the new title from the HORROR-MOOD to accompany the already-well-established PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE magazines ... but it's DIFFERENT from the other two titles, and here's WHY ... every editor and publisher in this illustrated story medium is only GUESSING what a magazine is produced ... nobody knows what the readers REALLY like and want ... and if they don't know what you want, you obviously aren't going to get it, right? In PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE we EXPERIMENTED in a series of PHASES to FIND OUT ... we printed A BUNCH OF QUESTIONS and then A BIGGER BUNCH OF QUESTIONS and we FOUND OUT what you liked and wanted from your thousands upon thousands of intelligent replies and letters ...

... well ... here it is ... SCREAM MAGAZINE ... the combination of what you say you want, and our trying our level-best to give it to you ...

... next issue watch for:

A CORRUPT COLLECTION OF LUNATIC LETTERS AND OBSCURE ANNOUNCEMENTS FROM THE MACABRE SCREAM MAILBAG

... it'll be a NEW-LOOK to letters pages designed to keep us in touch with you, to keep you up to date on news and happenings with the SKYWALD MOOD-TEAM, and to give you a chance to air your views on just about anything connected with illustrated-comic-horror ...

... when you've finished reading this magazine, do yourself a favor ... namely, write us a letter ... or a note ... or a postcard ... ANYTHING ... but let us know what you think about SCREAM and what you'd like to see in the future ...



... this ...
... is Archaic Al Hewson ...
... Insane FOUNDER of the lunatic MOOD-TEAM and corrupt EDITOR-WRITER for SCREAM MAGAZINE ...

... PHASE THREE ... is really only the BEGINNING ...

-ARCHAIC AL-
... your archaic editor ...

... address mail to, the archaic mailbox

Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017

...IN THIS ISSUE... **SPECIAL CENTERFOLD PULL-OUT...PIN-UP**

ON PAGES 34 AND 35 OF THIS SCREAM #1 YOU'LL FIND THE WEIRDEST DOUBLE-PAGE STORY EVER... THAT'S BECAUSE IT ISN'T A STORY... IT'S ESPECIALLY MADE SO YOU CAN EASILY REMOVE IT FROM THE ISSUE AND STICK IT UP ON YOUR WEIRD WALL! BY ARCHAIC AL AND DWARFISH DOWMINGO IT'S A NEW CONCEPT IN PIN-UPS... NAMELY IT'S A MACABRE LITTLE TALE TO BEND YOUR BRAIN EVERY TIME YOU SEE IT... AND IT'S A REGULAR SCREAM FEATURE!





...WELCOME...
TO THIS WRETCHED,
AWFUL PLACE.

I'M YOUR
ARCHAIC
JOKE! HOST
TO THIS ASYLUM
OF LUNATIC
SCREAMING
HORRORS...

...EMPHASIZE
SCREAMING...FOR
ALL THE WERE DEAD
THINGS HERE ARE
PRETTY PROFICIENT
WHEN IT'S TIME TO
SCREAM...

...LIKE THE
POOR CREEP
WHO IS...
I, SLIME...

...I WAS ONLY AN
OLD MAN. I DID
NO HARM TO
ANYONE... I WENT
ABOUT MY OWN
WAY AND BOTHERED
NO-ONE...



THEY OFFERED ME
WELFARE... BUT I
DON'T NEED HELPERS.
I DON'T NEED ANY
MONEY OR ANY PITY...
I EARNED MY OWN
WAY IN THIS WORLD.



I, SLIME

Wagner



...I HAD NO LEGS... ONCE I HAD, BUT THEY WERE SHOT OFF IN A
GREAT WAR... I STILL MADE MY OWN WAY IN THIS WORLD TWO. I BUILT
MYSELF A LITTLE PLATFORM TO GO AROUND TOWN... AND I BECAME THE
BEST MAILMAN THE TOWN EVER HAD... AND SO STARTS MY TALE...
WHICH IS ABOUT THE WAY I WAS MURDERED... AND WHAT I DO
THERE AFTER...





...THIS IS A PEACEFUL AND **GOOD** LITTLE TOWN... IT IS AT THE EDGE OF THE **ATLANTIC** ON THE NORTH COAST AND IS SUPPORTED BY FISHING AND A BIT OF FARMING... THE **TALL BUILDING** THAT LOOKS LIKE A KIND OF **CASTLE** IS A **LUNATIC ASYLUM**, WHICH **KEEPS** THE ENTIRE STATE BY BEING WHERE **INCURABLES** SPEND OUT THEIR LIVES...



...EVERY DAY I WHEELED MYSELF UP THE **STEEP HILL** TO THAT PLACE...AND EVERY DAY I DELIVERED A FEW PIECES OF OFFICIAL **MAIL** TO THE NICE OLD **WOMAN** WHO WAS THE **KEEPER'S SECRETARY**...



...SHE WAS THE BEST **FRIEND** I HAD... SHE WAS A DELICIOUS, **FRAGON**... EVERY DAY SHE GAVE ME A CUP OF **TEA** AND SAT AND TALKED WITH ME FOR A FEW MINUTES... SHE WAS ALWAYS VERY **NICE** TO ME...



...ONE DAY I WENT UP TO THE PLACE AND THERE WAS NO **ANSWER** AT THE DOOR... I KNOCKED VERY HARD, AND VERY **LONG**... BUT THERE WAS NO **ANSWER**...



...I REACHED UP AND TURNED THE LATCH AND SHOOK THE DOOR **WIDE OPEN**... INSIDE MY DEAR FRIEND WAS **HANGING** UPSIDE DOWN FROM A BIG BEAM IN THE HALLWAY... HER **THROAT** WAS **RIPPED** AND SHE WAS DRENCHED IN HER OWN **BLOOD**... I WEPT WHEN I SAW HER...

...IT WAS HORRIBLY OBVIOUS THE **LUNATICS** HAD **TAKEN** OVER THE ASYLUM...I COULD HEAR A SAD LAUGH-TER COMING FROM UP ABOVE OF MANY OF THEM IN HYSTERICS AS THEY TORTURED THEIR KEEPERS, AND I TURNED MY PLATFORM AROUND AND **BEGAN** TO **WHEEL** IT AWAY AS FAST AS I **COULD**...



...THEY CAME UP TO ME FROM **BEHIND** AND **PULLED** MY CART **BACKWARDS** AT A TREMENDOUS **SPEED**, KICKING ME AND **SHAKING** ME FROM SIDE TO SIDE, **STICKING** THEIR **FACES** CLOSE TO MINE AND **DISGUSTINGLY SCREAMING** INTO MY **FACE** AS I **CRIED** FOR THEM TO LET ME **ALONE**...



...THEN THEY **PULLED** ME **AWAY** AND **BROKE** MY PLATFORM TO **BITS**, AND **DRAWSSD** ME INTO THEIR **ASYLUM** WHILE THEY **CONTINUED** TO **MOCK** ME AND **BAIT** ALL OVER MY **FACE** AND **LAUGH**...

...I COULD **HEAR** THEM DIRECTLY BEHIND ME...I COULD **HEAR** THEM COMING AFTER ME CHICKING AND **LAUGHING**, MY THROAT BECAME DRY AND IT BECAME IMPOSSIBLE TO **BREATHE**...I WAS SO TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY **FRIGHTENED**, SO TERRIBLY **AFRAID**...



...THEY **DROGGED** BY IN MY **ARMS** UP ALL THE **STAIRS** TO THE VERY **TOP** ON THE **PLACE**... MY **BRUISED** BODY WAS **WHITCHED** AND IN **AGONY**... MY MIND WAS IN **TEARS** AS THEY **TANTED** AND **SHOCKED** ME BECAUSE I WAS **CRIPPLED** AND COULD NOT **DEFEND** MYSELF...



...THEY **LIFTED** ME OVER THEIR **HEADS** ON THE **OUTER LEDGE** AND **THREW** ME ABOUT LIKE A **BAG OF BONES**... THEY **THREW** ME AGAINST THE **STONE WALLS** AND ALL-THE-TIME **YERRED** ME AND **LAUGHED** AND **LAUGHED** AT ME...



...THEN THEY **LIFTED** ME OVER THE **LEDGE** AND **BRUTALLY** **LIFT** ME **HANG** SUSPENDED BY MY **FINGERS** WHICH THEY **STOOD** UPON AND **CRUSHED** WITH **SMASHING BLOWS** FROM THEIR **FISTS** AND **FEET**...



...THEY LET ME **DROP** THE **FULL MEASURE** OF THE **ASYLUM** ONTO THE **PAVEMENT** **BELOW**... AS I **FELL** MY **HEART STOPPED** AND I **DIED** BEFORE I **HIT** THE **GROUND**... AND WHEN I **DID** **HIT** I WAS **TOTALLY** **DEMOLISHED**...





...THE POLICE CAME SHORTLY THEREAFTER AND
ENDED THE LUNATIC DISORDER AND RETURNED
THEM TO THEIR CELLS...THE AMBULANCE
ARRIVED AND TOOK AWAY MY DEAR FRIENDS AND
THE VARIOUS KEEPERS WHO HAD BEEN
SLAUGHTERED AHEAD...



...AND THEY SCOOPED UP WHAT WAS LEFT
OF ME...THERE ARE NOT VERY MANY LEFT ONLY
A FEW PAIR OF HUMAN PAUP FOR THE
NIGHT...JUST VERY FEW...SOME BONES...
SLIME...



...THEY PUT WHAT THEY COULD OF ME INTO A BAG
AND THEY PUT THE BAG OF SLIME INTO A CASKET...
AND THEY BURIED ME ON A MORE RESPECTABLE
HILLTOP IN THE GRAVEYARD OVERLOOKING THE TOWN
AND THE ASYLUM...I COULD FEEL THE PRESENCE
OF THE DEAD...I COULD HEAR IT
LEERING AT ME, STILL MOCKING AND
JEERING...I COULD STILL HEAR THE
LAUGHTER...

...ON THE VERY FIRST NIGHT I COULD HEAR THE
LAUGHTER IN THE WIND AIR COMING AT US EVEN
IN MY GRAVE, AND I COULD NOT STAND IT...I
COLLECTED MYSELF AND MY GARDENERS AND AS
SLIME I CAME OUT OF MY GRAVE AND MOVED
TOWARD THAT ASYLUM...



I CAME UPON THAT PLACE AND I THINK THEY
SAVED MY COMING FOR AS I APPROACHED THE
LAUGHTER STOPPED AND THERE WAS SILENCE IN
THAT PLACE AN ANIMAL LUNATIC SILENCE...
AND I ENTERED SILENTLY AND UNWITTING AND
SLID UP THE ROAD STAIRCASE...



...I CLIMBED THAT PLACE AND STOPPED AT EVERY DOOR...



...I FILLED THE LOOKS OF EVERY DOOR WITH MYSELF...



...MY REMAINS HATTED AND HARDENED AND LOOKED THE DOORS OF THE CELLS IN THE ARXUM... LOCKED THEM AND THEY WERE WELDED SHUT FOREVER... THE WARDENS IN THE ARXUMS COULD NOT OPEN THEM AND THE EXPERTS THEY CALLED IN COULD NOT OPEN THEM...

NOW I AM RETURNED TO MY GRAVE, WHAT IS LEFT OF ME... (FOR MUCH IS STILL BEHIND)... AND I HAVE HAD MY REVENGE AND AM HAPPY AND AT PEACE WITH MYSELF AND THE UNIVERSE...



...IT IS THE 7TH NIGHT SINCE MY DEATH... THE WARDENS ARE LINGER AND LOUDER NOW AND THEY ARE HORRIBLE... THE WARDENS ARE STARVED AND AT DEATH... AND I HOPE SOON TO RECLAIM ALL OF ME SO THAT I MAY SPEND MY ETERNITY IN THIS PRETTY GRAVE SITE AS WHOLE A MAN IN DEATH AS I WAS IN LIFE...

THERE ARE **MYTHS** ABOUT THAT PLACE THAT ARE THE **BLACKEST** AND MOST **EWIL** OF ALL THIS WEIRD WORLD'S WEIRD **MYTHS**... THEY ARE **SUPERSTITIONS**... AND THEY HIDE THE **TRUTH** ABOUT **TRANSYLVANIA**... **TRUTHS** THAT ARE OFTEN **MORE VILE** AND **MORE HIDEOUS** THAN THE **MYTHS**...

...SO STARTS THE **TRUTH** ABOUT:

WEIRD COUNTS, BLACK VAMPIRE BATS AND LUNATIC HORRORS

...THE TRUTH BEHIND TRANSYLVANIA THE MYTHS ABOUT

...THE MOST POPULAR **MYTH** IS THE **DRACULA MYTH**... CREATED BY **BRAM STOKER** IN HIS FAMOUS HORROR NOVEL OF THE LAST CENTURY...

...**DRACULA** IS **NOT** A **MYTH**... **STOKER** NEVER VISITED **TRANSYLVANIA** BUT A HUNGARIAN SCHOLAR-FRIEND **ARMINIUS VAMBERG** TOLD HIM OF THE ANFUL EXPLOITS OF **TRANSYLVANIA'S** 15TH CENTURY RULER **VLAD TEPES**, WHO HAD CALLED HIMSELF **DRACULA**. **STOKER** THEN STUDIED THE KING'S LIFE, AND THE **SUPERSTITIONS** OF **TRANSYLVANIA**, NOW **ROMANIA**, AND COMBINED HISTORY AND FICTION TO CREATE HIS **COUNT DRACULA**...

...**VLAD** WAS DEFINITELY MORE FIENDISH THAN THE FICTIONAL CHARACTER...

...HE WAS A BRUTAL, SADISTIC TORTURER; A MASS BUTCHER AND MURDERER; AND PROBABLY A **LUNATIC**! KNOWN AS THE '**IMPALER**', HIS FAVORITE FORM OF DEATH WAS DRIVING HIS VICTIMS ONTO SPEARS AND SPIKES PROTRUDING FROM THE GROUND... IN **ONE DAY** HIS CONQUERING ARMY WAS MADE TO INHUMANLY SLAUGHTER **10,000 PRISONERS** IN THIS UGLY FASHION...

...THIS... IS AN **HISTORICAL FACT**...





...**RUMANIAN VILLAGE BELIEFS** ARE VERY VERY NUMEROUS AND **STRANGE**... IN CENTURIES PAST THE UNEDUCATED PEASANTS HELD MANY **RITUALS** WHICH THEY BELIEVED **PROTECTED** THEM FROM THE **UNDEAD**... IN THE DISTRICT OF **TELEORMAN** 3 DAYS AFTER A DEATH THEY WOULD THrust **9 SPIKES** INTO THE **GRAVESITE**...



...THIS... ACCORDING TO THE MYTHS OF GENERATION AFTER GENERATION OF TRANSILVANIANS, WAS TO REINCE THE **HEART** OF THE **VAMPIRE** WITH THE SHARP **NEEDLE POINTS** WHEN HE **AROSE** FROM THE **GRAVE**...



...IN THE **ROMANIA** DISTRICT THE PEASANTS TOOK THE DEAD WHO THEY SUSPECTED MIGHT TURN INTO **VAMPIRES** TO A **FOREST**... AND THERE HIS BODY WAS **HACKED** TO **SHREDS**...



...THEY THREW EACH BIT OF HIM INTO A **FIRE** TILL THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT OF HIM... **ALL HIS FLESH**... **ALL HIS BONE**... IT **ALL** HAD TO BE **TOTALLY CONSUMED** BY THE **FLAMES**, FOR IF **ANYTHING WHOLE** REMAINED IT WOULD BE ENOUGH OF A **CATALYST** FOR THE **VAMPIRE** TO **MATERIALIZE**...



MYTHS DICTATE THAT VAMPIRES MUST CONFORM TO A CERTAIN *STEREO-TYPE*... ONE THAT IS QUITE *DIFFERENT* FROM THOSE PRESENTED IN THE *MOVIES*...

...A VAMPIRE IS A *WALKING CORPSE*, NOT AFFECTED BY *SUNLIGHT* AT *ALL*, BUT SERIOUSLY ENDANGERED BY EVEN THE PRESENCE OF *SILVER*, ANYTHING HOLY AND BLESSED BY THE CHURCH, OR BY GARLIC AND HAWTHORN BRANCHES...



...THE TRANSYLVANIAN BELIEF IN VAMPIRISM ORIGINATES FROM THEIR **MAGYAR** ANCESTORS WHO PERIODICALLY WORSHIPPED AN OBSCURE **BAT-GOD**... WHICH IN TURN ACCOUNTS FOR THE LATER PROMINENT **MYTH** THE **VAMPIRES** HAD THE POWER TO TURN INTO **BATS**...

...BUT **NOT VAMPIRE-BATS**, WHICH IRONICALLY AREN'T FOUND IN **TRANSYLVANIA** AT ALL... BUT ONLY IN **SOUTH AMERICA**...

THE BELIEF IN VAMPIRES WAS **SUBSTANTIATED** DAILY BY THE GREAT NUMBERS OF PERSONS WHO WERE VICTIMS OF **PREMATURE BURIAL**...

...THESE WRETCHED PEOPLE WHO WERE LITERALLY **BURIED ALIVE** ROSE UP AND OUT OF THEIR CRYPTS TO CLAIM **RE-BIRTH**, ONLY TO BE **MURDERED** BECAUSE THEY WERE THOUGHT TO BE **VAMPIRES**...

...THE **BELIEF** IN **VAMPIRISM** IS **DIRECTLY RELATED** TO **PREMATURE BURIAL**... WHICH UNFORTUNATELY, WAS **NOT UNCOMMON** AT ALL IN OLDEN TIMES... THIS... IS AN **HISTORICAL FACT**...

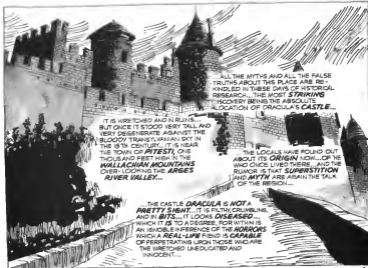
...**LYCANTHROPY** IS ALSO A MYTH OF THIS REGION... THE BELIEF IN **WEREWOLVES** ALL STEMMED FROM THE BELIEF THAT VAMPIRES COULD **DISGUISE** THEMSELVES BY TURNING INTO VARIOUS **ANIMALS**... SUCH AS **BATS**, **CATS**, **DOGS**, **OWLS**, **RATS**, **FLIES** AND **WOLVES**...



...VAMPIRES ALSO **CONTROL** WOLF-PACKS... AND THEY OFTEN REPORTEDLY LED THE FOUR-LEGGED BLOOD SUCKERS INTO 'BATTLE'...

...**TRANSYLVANIA** IS A NAME FIRST USED IN THE 12 TH CENTURY, AND MEANS 'BEYOND THE FOREST' (ONE WHICH BORDERED **TRANSYLVANIA** AND **HUNGARY**)... IT IS AN AREA OF 21,297 SQUARE MILES, CONTAINED ON THE NORTH AND EAST BY THE CARPATHIAN ALPS, ON THE SOUTH BY THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS, AND ON THE WEST BY THE BIOR MOUNTAINS, AND HAS A POPULATION CURRENTLY OF 7,000,000 PERSONS...

...THE LAND IS MOSTLY A **PLATEAU**... SUPPORTING ITS INHABITANTS BY YIELDING WINE, FRUIT, CEREALS, MINERAL RESOURCES SUCH AS METHANE GAS AND IRON, AND SUPPORTING HEALTHY LIVESTOCK...



ALL THE MYTHS AND ALL THE FALSE TRUTHS ABOUT THIS PLACE ARE RE-KINDLED IN THESE DAYS OF HISTORICAL RESEARCH... THE MOST **STRIKING** DISCOVERY BEING THE ABSOLUTE LOCATION OF **DRACULA'S CASTLE**...

IT IS WRECKED AND IN RUINS... BUT ONCE IT STOOD VERY TALL AND VERY DEGENERATE AGAINST THE BLOODY TRANSYLVANIAN SKY IN THE 15 TH CENTURY... IT IS NEAR THE TOWN OF **PITESTI**, ONE THOUSAND FEET HIGH IN THE **WALLACHIAN MOUNTAINS** OVER-LOOKING THE **ARGES RIVER VALLEY**...

THE LOCALS HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT ITS **ORIGIN** NOW... OF THE WHO ONCE LIVED THERE... AND THE RUMOR IS THAT **SUPERSTITION** AND **MYTH** ARE AGAIN THE TALK OF THE REGION...

...THE CASTLE **DRACULA** IS NOT A **PRETTY SIGHT**... IT IS FILTHY, CRUMBLING, AND IN **BITS**... IT LOOKS **DISEASED**... WHICH IT IS TO A DEGREE, FOR WITHIN IS AN **IGNOBLE INFERENCE OF THE MONARCHS** WHICH A **REAL-LIFE FIEND** IS **CAPABLE** OF PERPETRATING UPON THOSE WHO ARE THE WRETCHED UNEDUCATED AND INNOCENT...

18TH AUGUST, 1992:

... I CAME TO THIS PLACE IN AN AUGUST DAY WHEN THE ICE WAS DRIVEN THROUGH THE FETID AIR LIKE SNOW... MY SHIP: THE PROVIDENCE, BECAME ICE LOCKED IN THE HORRIBLE DRIFTS OF MARIONETTE COVE... AND WE ARE FORCED TO SET UP ALMOST PERMANENT QUARTERS IN THIS MAD CORNER OF ANTARCTICA... FOR WE KNOW NOT HOW MANY LIFETIMES WE WILL HAVE TO WAIT TO BE FREE...



... I HAVE ACQUIRED FOR THE PURPOSE OF MY SEARCHES THE MAD AND ANCIENT CHRONICLES, THE NECRONOMICON, BY THE MAD ARAB ABDUL ALHAZRED (ORIGINALLY TITLED AL AZIF; AZIF BEING THE WORD FREQUENTLY USED BY THE ARABS TO DESIGNATE THAT NOCTURNAL SOUND SUPPOSED TO BE THE HOWLING OF DEMONS), WHICH IS ON LOAN TO ME FROM THE MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY NEAR MY HOME IN ARKHAM IN NEW ENGLAND, WHICH I HOPE WILL FURTHER AID ME IN MY SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS IN THIS DESOLATE ANTARCTICA, IN WHICH I AM IN SEARCH TO FIND AN ANCIENT AND FORGOTTEN CITY AS REVEALED BY HOWARD P. LOVECRAFT IN HIS MAGABRIE NOVEL: AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS (1931 ARKHAM HOUSE) WHICH I AM OF THE OPINION WAS BASED ON ACTUAL AND PERSONAL RESEARCH BY THIS AUTHOR...



...AND THE NECRONOMICON MESSAGE DID READ:



...ON THIS FIRST NIGHT OF MY FORCED STAY IN THE FROZEN COVE, AS I READ OF DARK AND AWKING THINGS LONG UNKISHED FROM THIS EARTH, THERE CAME TO MY EARS A MAD GROOM THAT CAME THROUGH THE AIR SEEMING TO PORTRAY A BODY IN GREAT DISORDER ... THE SOUND WAS UNMATIC AND ANKUL. IT WAS OF NOTHING I HAD EVER CONCERNED...

...SAVE IN A PASSAGE FROM THE BOOK WHICH FELL FROM MY HANDS AS I TREMBLED... A DESCRIPTION... HARD TO PERHAPS ACCEPT IN TERMS OF 1972. REALITY-- BUT WHICH TO MY ASTONISHMENT RANG TRUE AS I CHANCED TO GLIMPSE THROUGH THE PORTHOLE AND SEE IT STANDING NEARBY... WATCHING... WAITING... WARNING...



AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...
...CONTINUING THE CTHULHU
MYTHOS ESTABLISHED BY
H.P. LOVECRAFT...



THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND...

AUGUST 1978, 8:30 A.M.:
...THIS NIGHT HAS BEEN THE MOST
AWFUL OF MY LIFE... FOR MY
DREAMS WERE OF TERRIBLE
SPECTRES WHICH SEEMED TO
ENDLESSLY PROPHECY DOOM
ON THIS JOURNEY...



...THE PROCESSING OF THE FILM WAS OF COURSE
IMMEDIATE... AND THE THING CAPTURED ON THAT
PLATE WAS WITHOUT MISTAKE, AS I PERHAPS EXPECTED,
THE SAME BRUTAL AND INHUMAN CONCOCTION OF
HELL THAT I SAW LAST NIGHT THROUGH THE PORTHOLE
OF THE SHIP... THE MEN ARE AS ASTONISHED AS I... BUT
YOU MUST REALIZE; THEY ARE SO MOVED BECAUSE THEY
HAVE NEVER CONCEIVED OF SUCH A BEING...

...WHILE I AM AT THE POINT OF EMOTIONAL COLLAPSE...
... BECAUSE THE ORIGIN OF THIS THING IS RECORDED
IN THE ATROCIOUS AECOROMEDON... AND ITS
PRESENCE HERE AND NOW IS AN IMPLICATION I WOULD
RATHER NOT BE AWARE OF...

4:30 P.M.:

...IT WOULD SEEM OUR SEARCH HAS NOT BEEN IN VAIN, FOR
LOVECRAFT'S DIRECTIONS HAVE BEEN EXPLICIT... AND WE
WERE LEAD TO THE PLACE OF WHICH HE WAS SO ROMANCED
WITHIN A FEW HOURS... ALTHOUGH I ADMIT TO HAVING OTHER
THOUGHTS ABOUT OUR FINDING THE DEAD PLACE SO EASILY
... FOR A FEW MOMENTS THOROUGHLY SUPPOSING TO BELIEVE
THAT WE WERE DRAWN BY FORCES BEYOND OUR OWN
BEINGS... WHICH SOMEHOW ACTED TO PULL US LIKE TOY
PUPPETS TO THIS AWFUL CITY WHERE ONCE LIVED THE
MASTERS OF THE EARTH 3 MILLION YEARS AGO...



...THE HORRIBLE ROBED SPECTRES CROWDED AROUND ME AND BEGGED OF MY HASTY DEPARTURE FROM THIS PLACE-- BUT ALAS, EVEN WOULD I SO ELECT TO LEAVE IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE... FOR WE ARE HOPELESSLY TRAPPED IN THE ICE SOUND WATERS OF THE HELL-PLACE AND WE CAN NOT POSSIBLY ANTICIPATE DEPARTURE FOR QUITE A FEW MONTHS... TILL SUMMER COMES AND THE ICE MIGHT PERHAPS BREAK AND PERMIT OUR RELEASE.



...A FEW MINUTES AGO THE LABORERS SET UP A TENT SO THAT WE MIGHT PAUSE FOR SOME FOOD, AND I SET UP IN TURN MY POLAROID CAMERA TO RECORD THE NATURE OF THE AREA, AND AS I FOCUSED UPON A LARGE AND LOOMING PRECIPICE NOT FAR FROM THE CAMP I BELIEVED I SAW SOME MOVEMENT-- I RELEASED THE SHUTTER WITHOUT HESITATION...



12:30 A.M.:

...THE MORNING WAS FILLED WITH ACTIVITY AND GRANTED LITTLE OPPORTUNITY FOR ME TO SULK... FOR WE PREPARED TO VENTURE OUT INTO THE WASTES IN SEARCH OF THE DEAD CITY WHICH LOVECRAFT WAS REPORTED...



...WE TOPPED THE INITIAL PLATEAU AT 4:00 AND THE SIGHT WE SAW MIGHT SCARCELY BE CONSIDERED OF NATURAL ANTARCTIC ORIGIN, AND SERVED ONLY TO CONFIRM MY EVERY HOPE THAT LOVECRAFT'S WRITINGS WERE INDEED AUTHENTIC... THE DEAD AND DISEASED PLACE THAT LIES BEFORE ME AS I WRITE-- STUNKS...

...IT SMELLS OF FETID DECAY AND TURNED OUR STOMACHS TO A MAUL. IT IS TO US ALL A SITE OF UTTER POULNESS, AND EVEN THE WHITE ANTARCTIC SKY SEEMS TO TURN BLACK AND HORRID SHADES OF GRAY AS IT WATCHES DOWN UPON THIS ANCIENT AND SICK CITY...



7:30 P.M.

... THE CITY IS DESERTED, QUITE DEVOID OF ANY MANNER OF LIVING THING, ALTHOUGH AS WE APPROACHED WE SAW SEVERAL BLIND ALBINO PENGUINS SCUTTLE INTO NARROW AND DARK CAVES...



... AS WE BEDDED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT I COULD NOT TRULY RELEASE FROM MY MIND THE PICTURE I HAD TAKEN OF THE THINGS ON THE PRECIPICE, AND THE HOWLING SHLOETTE I OBSERVED LAST NIGHT, AND BECAME SO SUDDENLY AND INTENSELY FRIGHTENED THAT I FELT I COULD ENDURE THE SECRETS OF THE *NECHRONOMACON* NO LONGER... AND RESIGNED MYSELF TO TELL THE OTHERS TO HAVE THEM SHARE IN MY UTTER APPREHENSION... BUT NO... I DARE NOT... NOR TO TELL THE OTHERS WOULD INSTILL AN EVEN GREATER FEAR OF THIS PLACE... AND PERHAPS CAUSE THEM TO RETURN TO THE SHIP AND ABANDON THE DISCOVERY GROUNDS...



WALKING THROUGH THE HIGH WALLED STREETS OF THIS PLACE WAS THE CAUSE OF MUCH UNREST AMONG THE MEN... BUT I HARDLY CRITICIZED THEM... FOR MY OWN HEART ROUNDED A MILE TO THE MINUTE... AND RACED INTO REALMS OF HORROR EVERY TIME WE TURNED A CORNER TO SEE MORE OF THE MAD BUILDINGS SO CLEARLY DESCRIBED IN ALAAZED'S *NECHRONOMACON*... WHEREIN FOUL AND DEPRAVED THINGS ONCE CARRIED ON A DAY TO DAY UNRULLED EXISTENCE THAT WOULD QUESTION ANY MAN'S ABILITY TO MAKE REASON OUT OF MADNESS...



2:00 P.M. AUGUST 20TH:

...STANDING ALONE AND WATCHING THE GREY SKY AS I ENTERED THAT LAST PASSAGE IN MY DIARY I CHANCED TO SEE A LIGHT FROM A HIGHER AREA... AND ALTHOUGH MY ENTIRE BODY SHOOK WITH BIZARRE CONJECTURE ABOUT ITS ORIGIN... MY SCIENTIST'S NATURE FORCED ME TO MARK IN ITS DIRECTION... LEAVING THE OTHERS SLEEPING BEHIND ME... LEAVING, THEREFORE, THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF NUMBERS...





...EVERY MAN IN OUR SMALL GROUP IS EXCITED TO THE POINT OF EXHAUSTION... AND BEFORE LONG THE WILES OF CORRIDORS AND DOORS AND AGE-BLEACHED ROOMS HAD ITS EFFECT... WE WERE FORCED BY THE VERY NATURE OF OUR HUWAN CONSTITUTION TO RELAX OUR PACE TO A SLOW CRAWL... AND AT 7:00 DECIDED TO MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT IN ONE OF THE DWELLINGS...



...WHAT I SAW AS I TURNED THE LEGBE COULD NOT BE UNDERSTOOD BY A MORTAL BRAIN... FOR THERE, THINGS DEAD FOR A MILLION YEARS SAT SQUATTED NEAR A MONSTROUS SPACE CONTRAPTION WHERE BOUNTY OTHER THINGS, NEARER HUWAN (PERHAPS), CROWDED AROUND A MECHANICAL FIRE THAT LIGHTED THEIR CRUDE RACES AND ILLUMINATED BOORISH GRINS THAT LIFTED AND BURNED THEIR EXPRESSIONS AS I WATCHED...

...WHATEVER HAD PURPOSE THIS MEETING HAD THIS MEETING OF ANCIENT OLD ONES--CALLED **SHOGGONS** BY THE **NECROMANCY**--AND BEING FROM ANOTHER WORLD, WAS NOT IMMEDIATELY OBVIOUS... BUT IT WAS HORRIBLY APPARENT IT WAS A PURPOSE DISGUSTINGLY EVIL...

...I WAS TORN WITHIN MYSELF... KNOWING NOT WHETHER TO LEAVE THIS UGLY PERFORMANCE NOW BEFORE ME, OR TO REMAIN AND STUDY THE MEANINGS... I DECIDED TO *STAY*... FOR IN MY UTTERLY MUDDLED MIND I CAME TO BELIEVE THAT NOTHING NEW, NO MATTER HOW VICIOUS OR PITIFUL IT MIGHT BE, COULD ACTUALLY BE *WORSE* THAN MY PRESENT KNOWLEDGE... THAT WHATEVER I MIGHT NOW LEARN WOULD MERELY COMPOUND MY HORROR... NOT TORTURE ME *MORE*...

...WHAT *FOOLS* WE MORTALS BE...

...AS I WATCHED, THE SPACESHIP BEGAN TO SHUDDER, AS IF IT WERE STARTING ITS MOTORS, AND THERE WAS MUCH MOVEMENT AND RUNNING ABOUT IN THE AREA... I BEGAN TO THINK THEY WERE PREPARING TO LEAVE...



I COULD DO NAUGHT BUT... SCREAM...

THIS PLACE, THIS MEETING OF OBSCURE MINDS WAS FOR A SINGLE, TWO OBSCURE, PURPOSE... TO BREED...

...WHY-- I DON'T KNOW... WHY-- I DON'T CARE... SOME DISGUSTING MUDDLING OF SPECIES... A POUL, INTER-STELLAR INTER-MARRIAGE OF CORRUPT BODIES TO BREED A NEW RACE OF DEAD-DEMI-GODS TO RULE ON SOME...

...OH...
...SOME FILTHY OTHER ISLAND...
...SOMEWHERE...





THEN AS I OBSERVED A PECULIAR AND ODD SHAPED
OPENING IN THE GROUND NEAR THE OTHER-WORLD
MACHINE THE REALITY OF THE EVIL IN THIS PLACE
STARTED TO OVERWHELM ME...
THEY BROUGHT THE INFANTS OUT IN TINY BASKETS
WHICH SLAVE-WOMEN CARRIED ABOUT ON THEIR
SHOULDERS...



AND SCREAM
AND SCREAM...

...AND THEN AS I HEARD THE PLACE WHERE I LEFT THE
MEN ASLEEP I SAW THE SHOOGOths... CRAWLING
ABOUT... EATING THEM...



... NOW I SIT ALONE WITHIN THIS ICE-STUCK VESSEL OF DOOM... **NOW** I EVER MADE IT HERE I WILL NEVER KNOW... ALTHOUGH MY LEGS YET ACHIE FROM RUNNING, AND MY BREATHING IS STILL LABORED FROM THE PRESSURES **AGAINST** MY LUNGS AS I COVERED 18 MILES OF FROZEN TERRITORY ON **FOOT**...



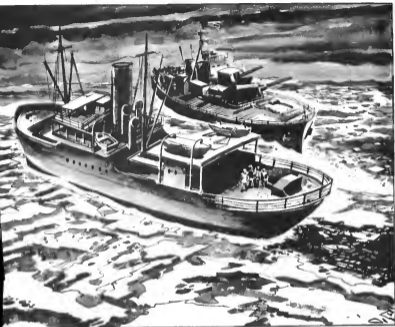
... **WHY** I HAVE COME HERE I DO NOT KNOW... FOR I REALIZE THEY WILL SOON BE AFTER ME... PERHAPS I FEEL DUTY BOUND TO RECORD THIS ADVENTURE INTO HORROR FOR OTHERS... TO WARN **THEM**... TO WARN **YOU**...

... THEY COME NOW... I KNOW THEY DO - OH GOD - I KNOW THEY DO - I CAN **FEEL** THEIR PRESENCE... THE EVIL IS IN THE STERILE FRIGID AIR...



... I MUST HIDE THIS NOW... FOR I HEAR THEIR FEET AS THEY TROD THE DECK ABOVE ME... I HEAR THEIR SCREAMS... THEIR CRIES... OF A SINGLE MAD WORD:

TEKELI-LI! TEKELI-LI!
OVER AND OVER... OH GOD!...



PUBLISHERS NOTE:

THE ORIGINAL HANDSCRIPTED MANUSCRIPT FOR THIS "STORY" WAS FOUND ABOARD THE *PROVIDENCE*, A SAILING VESSEL, SETOUT OF ARKHAM IN JULY OF 1972 AND BOUND FOR CERTAIN AREAS OF ANTARCTICA ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION. THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THIS CRAFT WAS RECORDED IN FEBRUARY OF 1973, WHEN MRS. WHIPPLE BENEFIT, OF 66 COLLEGE STREET IN ARKHAM, BECAME CONCERNED AT HAVING RECEIVED NO RADIO MESSAGE FROM HER HUSBAND, AND CONTACTED A U.S. NAVAL BASE IN ANTARCTICA. THE AUTHORITIES THEN MADE A SUCCESSFUL SEARCH FOR THE LOST *PROVIDENCE*, WHICH THEY FOUND IN WARDONETTE COVE, AN ICE-BOUND INLET DEEP INTO THE FROZEN COUNTRY. NO TRACE OF MAN, LIVING OR DEAD, WAS FOUND IN THAT SHIP, AND THE ONLY SUGGESTION OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED WERE IN THESE NOTES FOUND IN A LOWER CABIN WITHIN A LOCKED SAFE, WHICH WERE GIVEN TO MRS. BENEFIT AND IN TURN TO MR. HEWETSON, OUR EDITOR, UPON A RECENT TRIP TO ARKHAM. MR. HEWETSON MADE CERTAIN INQUIRIES FURTHER TO THIS M.S. AND FOUND INCONSISTENCIES BETWEEN THE WRITTEN ACCOUNT HEREIN AND THE ACCOUNT OF THE INVESTIGATORS AT THE SCENE. THE MOST SINGULAR DISCREPANCY BEING THAT EARLY IN HIS NOTES MR. BENEFIT HAD CLEARLY STATED HE HAD *WITH HIM* THE PRICELESS POSSESSION OF *MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY... THE NECRONOMICON...* (AS WELL AS LOVECRAFT'S OWN BOOK: *AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS*)...

...SERIOUS DOUBT IS CAST ON THE CREDIBILITY OF MR. BENEFIT BECAUSE AUTHORITIES REPORT NO FIND OF THIS MATERIAL WHATSOEVER, ALTHOUGH ALL OTHER MATERIAL WAS *INTACT*. FURTHER, THE *NECROMONICON* WAS FOUND *REPLACED* IN ITS GLASS CABINET AT THE *MISKATONIC LIBRARY* ON THE MORNING OF THE 21ST OF AUGUST, 1972, THE DAY FOLLOWING THE ALLEGED OCCURRENCE SUGGESTED BY MR. BENEFIT. ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT KNOWN HOW EXACTLY IT *GOT THERE*, IT CANNOT POSSIBLY HAVE TRAVELLED FROM ANTARCTICA TO NEW ENGLAND OVERNIGHT... AND HENCE... THE PUBLISHERS GIVE NO CREDIT TO THIS STORY WHATSOEVER... AND HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO REGARD IT AS A FICTIONAL ACCOUNT OF A RATHER DISTURBED MIND...

...THIS YOUNG MAN IS *DISTURBED*...
 ...HIS MIND, AFTER 14 YEARS IN THIS NEW YORK CITY ASYLUM, IS
 AS *UNBALANCED* AS WHEN HE ENTERED AS A *CHILD*...



...HE IS *ANTHONY CAPPELLI*... OF THE UPPER EAST SIDE,
 A SECTION OF NEW YORK WHICH IS *RICH*, AND SOMEWHAT
WEIRD... 14 YEARS BEFORE THIS DAY HE WAS *COMMITTED*
 HERE WHEN HE KILLED HIS *MOTHER*. HE KILLED HER WHEN
 SHE CAME AT HIM WITH A *BRUTCHER KNIFE*...



...TODAY *ANTHONY CAPPELLI* WILL KNOW WHAT IS KNOWN
 AS "FREEDOM OUTSIDE THE WALLS". HE IS BEING *RELEASED*
 FROM THIS PLACE BECAUSE THE DOCTORS BELIEVE HE IS
 "ADJUSTED TO THE NORMS OF SOCIETY"... THAT HOWEVER,
 DOESN'T MEAN HE'S *CURED*... NOT BY A *LITTLE -LONG-*
SHOT...

...SO STARTS OUR TALE...

...HICKORY DICKORY DOCK...

...AN ANYWARD ANALOGY...





...DOCTOR...

...YES...
...YOU ARE RELEASED...
...COME WITH ME AND
WE'LL SEE ABOUT SOME
STREET CLOTHES!



...THESE CLOTHES SEEM
TO FIT ME PERFECTLY!

...THEY SHOULD
...THEY WERE
MADE FOR YOU...

YOU'VE BEEN IN HERE
SO LONG TONY... THAT...
THE MEDICAL STAFF HAVE
COME TO CONSIDER YOU
AS A FRIEND NOT JUST
A PATIENT...

...THEY ALL CHIPPED IN AND
HAD THIS SUIT MADE FOR YOU...



...I'M...
NOT SURE I REALLY WANT
TO LEAVE DOCTOR... I'M
CURIOUS ABOUT THE
'OUTSIDE' BUT I...

...I FEEL A GREAT DEAL OF SECURITY
INSIDE...

...THIS IS ONLY
NATURAL ANTHOXY...
IT'S BEEN YOUR ONLY
HOME FOR MANY
YEARS...

...FEEL FREE TO COME
BACK ANYTIME YOU LIKE...
FOR COUNSEL OR... TO SEE
YOUR FRIENDS...

...ANTHOXY CARPELLI IS RELEASED... IT IS LATE AFTERNOON...
IN HIS POCKET IS A 20 DOLLAR BILL AND AN IDENTIFICATION
TAG... HE LOOKS UP AT THE LATE AFTERNOON SKY AND REALIZES
IT IS FRESHER AND BIGGER THAT IT LOOKED THROUGH THE
ASYLUM WINDOWS... AS HE WALKS, HE THINKS...AND HE
BEGINS TO REMEMBER...



...WHEN HE WAS 6 HIS FATHER DIED, LEAVING HIS MOTHER IN
A STATE OF DEPRESSION... SHE WAS DEPRESSED LIKE THIS
FOR A YEAR OR MORE...





...AND WHEN SHE BECAME **FREED** FROM IT SHE **TURNED** ON THE ACCEPTED SOCIAL **NORMS** IN SOCIETY... SHE TURNED INTO A **BRUTAL** AND **POWERFUL** WOMAN... SHE TURNED FROM THE CONVENTIONAL RELIGIONS TO PRACTICE **SATANISM**...

...YOUNG ANTHONY WAS **TAUGHT** THE WAYS OF THE CULT, AND THE WAYS OF **WITCHCRAFT**, THE **OCCULT** AND **DEMONOLOGY** BY AN OLD WOMAN... MARIA SANTA... WHO TAUGHT HIM **WELL** THE **BLACK** **HISTORY** AND **PRACTICES** OF THIS **BLACK** **RELIGION**...



...WHEN HIS MOTHER ATTACKED HIM HE TURNED THE KNIFE INTO HER WITH MORE REASON THAN A WISH TO **SURVIVE**... IT WAS WITH **DELIGHT**... HE HAD NOTHING AGAINST HER, PERSONALLY, **DEATH** WAS JUST A PART OF HIS **WAY OF LIFE**...

...AND YOUNG ANTHONY LEARNED TO ENDURE HIS MAD MOTHER... LEARNED TO ACCEPT AS FACT THE MACABRE UNDERWORLD OF SATAN... IT WAS UNSURPRISING THAT THE MAJOR, ALTHOUGH THE DOCTORS TREATED HIM FOR WAS HIS BELIEF THAT HE ALONE DID NOT CONTROL HIS DESTINY... HE BELIEVED... IT WAS... CONTROLLED BY A POWERFUL AND EVIL OTHER- GOD...



NOW HE SITS ALONE IN A RESTAURANT... HE SEES THE EYES ALL FIXED ON HIM... NEVER HAS HE SEEN SO MANY EYES... HERE, IN THIS WORLD HE IS WITHOUT FRIENDS OR GUARDIANS... AND HERE, WITH NOTHING TO DO AND NO-ONE... NO-ONE... TO DO ANYTHING WITH...



HE
REVERTS
BACK...

I CAN'T
STAND IT...
...THEY'RE ALL STARING
AT ME... WHY... WHY
MUST THEY GLARE
AT ME...



MY GOD... THE
AIR FEELS GOOD...
... CAN'T BREATHE
WHEN SURROUNDED BY
SO MANY ANGRY PEOPLE...
... WHY MUST THEY STARE AT
ME... WHY CAN'T THEY STARE
AT EACH OTHER...



DRACULA...
HE'S LIKE ME... HE
KNOWS WHAT IT IS LIKE
TO BE ALONE... TO BE
STARED AT...







...THERE'S A MAN
TRAPPED IN
THERE...

...THEN
...HELL **STAY** IN THERE... NO
ONE CAN GET IN OR OUT **NOW**...
...THE PLACE IS A **FIERY**
HELL!



...YOU
ALRIGHT MISTER?
YOU DON'T EVEN LOOK
SINGED...

FOOLS...
...TO THINK THAT A
SIMPLE **FIRE** COULD
KILL **DRACULA** IS...

...IS
UNTHINKABLE.

ALRIGHT?
I NEVER FELT
BETTER IN MY LIFE...

A **STUPID** FIRE
CANNOT KILL ME...

MY **GOD**...



MERCEDES FIGG
COSTUME SHOPPE

COSTUMES AND DISGUISES
FOR ALL OCCASIONS
PROFESSIONALLY FITTED

A **COSTUME**
SHOP... I WILL NEED
CLOTHES MORE SUITED
TO MY **TRUE** IDENTITY AS
DRACULA THAN THESE
COMMON PEASANTS'
SHREDS NOW ON MY
BACK...



...OUT WITH **THIS** CORPSE...
...HE CAN **SHARE** A COFFIN WITH **ANOTHER**...
...BUT I...
...**DRACULA**...
...NEED **PRIVACY!**...



...WHEN THE **FLAMES** LEAPED
AT **DRACULA'S** THROAT
HE DID NOT WAKE... WHEN THE
FIRE ATE UP HIS LEGS HE DID
NOT MOVE... WHEN HIS SOUL WAS
BURNED DRACULA DID
NOT **FLINCH**...



AT 10 THAT MORNING, AS ANTHONY CAPELLI
SLEPT THE ETERNAL **DEAD SLEEP** OF A
DRACULA... A CEREMONY WAS HELD IN THAT
MORTUARY CHAPEL...



...NOW...
...I LAY ME DOWN TO...
...**SLEEP**...

...WE NOW COMMIT
OUR DEPARTED BROTHER TO
HIS ETERNAL GRAVE...
...**ASHES TO ASHES**...
...**DUST TO DUST**...
...MAY HIS SOUL REST
IN PEACE...

...**DRACULA** CANNOT DIE BY
FIRE... **DRACULA** IS IMMORTAL...

...BUT...

**ANTHONY CAPELLI... HE
SCREAMED HIS
LUNGS OUT!**

...THIS...
...IS BELA LUGOSI AS DRACULA...
 ...NEVER HAS AN ACTOR SO DEVOTEDLY PORTRAYED A CHARACTER ON THE SCREEN... THE PERFORMANCES OF LUGOSI WERE SO TERRIBLY REAL THE ACTOR NEVER ESCAPED BEING IDENTIFIED WITH THE MADMAN-DRACULA... HE BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN A TERROR AND EXCITEMENT ONLY A LEGITIMATE ACTOR COULD... WE PROUDLY LOOK AT A CLOSING SCREEN SCENE FROM THE FIRST OF MANY DRACULA FILMS...



...BURY YOURSELVES...

...MY SLAVES... MY BEAUTIES... YOU ARE NOT TO BE CAUGHT... BY HELSING...



...HE WHO HUNTS... HE... HOUNDS ME... SOON HE WILL ENTER MY... PALACE... DEFILE MY OWN COFFIN AND PREVENT MY... RETURN...



...HE THINKS I WILL... DIE... IF I DO NOT HAVE MY COFFIN WITH ITS IMPORTED TRANSYLVANIAN DIRT...

...HOW WRONG... AND... STUPID... HELSING IS... HOW STUPID HUMANITY IS TO THINK SO... SIMPLE... AN ACTION WOULD DESTROY AN...

UNDEAD PRINCE...



**...I...AM...
DRACULA...**

**...AND AS SUCH
I AM INVINCIBLE...
I AM... A
HUMAN...
GOD...**



**...NO STUPID...
MORTAL...
CAN KILL...**

DRACULA!!



THIS MACABRE CASTLE WE SEE
RISING OUT OF THE CRAGGY
ISLAND IS JUST OFF THE COAST
OF SPAIN... IT IS A PLACE THAT FOR
CENTURIES HAS BEEN THE HOME OF BATS,
RATS, AND WILD LUNATIC ANIMALS... NO
MEN HAVE DARED TO APPROACH THESE
SHORES FOR THE LEGENDS ARE MANY AND
AWFUL...

... BUT THE *BEASTS* YOU NOW SEE
CLIMBING THE STRANGE STONE STEPS
COVER THEIR FACES WITH MACABRE
MASKS... MASKS TO HIDE FEATURES
THEMSELVES AS TORMENTED AND ANCIENT
AS THE ISLAND THEY NOW VISIT... TWISTED
BY EVENTS WE SHALL ALL SOON LEARN
OF IN A CONTINUED SERIES...

... BUT BEFORE THAT...

... A PROLOGUE...

... WHEREIN WE SHALL EXPLAIN THE
STRANGE PURPOSE OF WHY THIS PLACE
HAS BEEN RESURRECTED FROM ITS
ANCIENT LONELINESS...

PROLOGUE:

MOSFERATU IS THE ONE WHO STANDS TALLEST...
THE THIN WHO WALKS PROUDDEST... HE IS ADDED
TO THE OTHERS WHO BATHER AFTER RECEIVING HIS
ORCISH SUMMONS SENT BY DEMONIC
MESSENGER TO THE MANY-MYRIAD COUNTRIES
OF THEIR ORIGIN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD...

...A SUMMONS WHICH MERELY INSISTED: COME!
BUT WAS SCARCEN ENOUGH TO THESE MARKED
MEN FOR IT WAS SIGNED: *NOXFERATU*... A NAME
THEY HAD KNOWN SINCE AS CHILDREN...

...FOR *NOXFERATU* IS A SYMBOL...



...OF DEATH...
...OF MADNESS...
...OF OCCULT
EVIL

... AND SO STARTS OUR TALE OF THE MAD-DEMON *NOXFERATU*...

Where lunatics live



...WHY ARE WE
HERE?...

THAT SHALL SHORTLY
BE MADE OBVIOUS...

...FOR IS THIS ROOM WE
NOW ENTER NOT SO
CONSTRUCTED AS TO BE
A THEATER?...

ARE THE MASKS I
ASK YOU TO WEAR NOT
HIDING FACES THAT ARE
IN THEMSELVES ENTIRE
S ACT PLAYERS?...



TOLD HERE... ONE OF ONE THEY
WILL BE PERFORMED FOR
AMUSEMENT PURPOSES ALONE

I WHO AM EWE... I WHO DEMAND
YOUR ATTENTION FOR THE SOLE
PURPOSE OF A NEW MOMENTS
ENTERTAINMENT... I MERELY HAVE
TO SUGGEST YOUR PRESENCE
HERE AND YOU IMMEDIATELY HAVE
TO RUSH TO DO MY BIDDING...



THAT... CREER...
IS WHY YOU ARE
HERE?...



...NOW THAT YOU ARE
SEATED I WILL INTRODUCE
YOU TO EACH OTHER... TO MY
RIGHT... FROM THE UNITED
STATES... WEARING A FROG'S
HEAD... THE MAN-THING
CALLED CHARLES FREEMAN...

...RESIDE HIM FROM
SPAIN... UNDER A WOLF'S
HEAD... FERNANDO
DOMA...

AND FROM BRITAIN...
WEARING THE MASK OF A
COMMON HOUSEHOLD CAT...
SIR DONALD HOWARDS...



THEN FROM FRANCE...
WEARING A PETIT ROBERT
HEAD... JACQUES DUPON...



FROM GERMANY... NORSON
NEWMOON... SHOCKING
DISGUSTINGLY UNDER HIS
GOAT'S MASK...



FROM THE WEST INDIES...
SIMPLY ROSED IN ALL-WHITE
SANDIE OWE... AN ASSUMED
NAME NO DOUBT...



COMING FROM RUSSIA...
LOOKING LIKE THE PIG HE
TRULY IS... ANTON DUBONER...



AND FROM BRAZIL...
LOOKING LIKE A SHARK IN
HIS NATIVE WATERS... SENOR
RAMON KORSK...



...ONLY 6
OF THE 11 I
INVITED ARE
HERE... THE
OTHERS
WILL...



...ALTHOUGH I
SEE NOW THE 9TH
HAS ARRIVED... IN
THE GUARD OF A
HORRIBLE BAT...

...AM I
LATE?

NO... BUT YOU
WERE INSTRUCTED TO
WEAR A MASK... WHY
HAVE YOU NOT GOT
IT ON?

I RECEIVED
NO MASK?



HOWEVER... I WILL DO
ONE NOW TO CONFORM... IF YOU
WISH... CONFORM TO THE GUARD
OF THE OTHERS HERE TONIGHT...



NO... IT IS NOT NECESSARY...
NOT REALLY...

...YOU CAN TELL YOUR
TALK FIRST... STAND IN THE CENTER AND
TELL US OF YOUR RECENT RE-ENTRY...

FOR, GENTLEMEN, THIS BEING YOU
SEE BEFORE YOU...

...HE NONE OTHER
THAN THE ORIGINAL RE-BORN VLAD THE
EMPEROR OF 19TH CENTURY ROMANIA... THE MAN-THING
WHO IS NONE OTHER THAN DRACULA...

THE ONE DRACULA... THE ONLY DRACULA... HE WHO
HAS AND IS AND WILL ALWAYS BE... THE NATED MASTER
OF ALL VAMPIRES... **DRACULA!**

AND SO NOW, OFFICIALLY, STARTS CHAPTER ONE!
... A DRACULA IS AMONGST US...



...ONLY WEEKS AGO IS WHEN MY LIFE BEGAN... BEGAN IN SEEDY SURROUNDINGS IN A LITTLE CLUB IN GREENWICH VILLAGE IN THE FOREIGN CITY KNOWN AS MANHATTAN...
THERE... A GROUP GATHERED AND ONE STOOD TO SPEAK WITH MUCH EXCITEMENT FOR SHE HAD DISCOVERED IN A SILENT LITTLE BOOKSTORE CERTAIN ARCHAIC DOCUMENTS WHICH SEEMED TO INDICATE TO HER A FACT THAT PERHAPS NO-ONE ELSE HAD KNOWN...



...IT IS HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE IT EVEN NOW... AND I HAVE Poured OVER THESE FELLOWED PAPERS FOR WEEKS...

YOU PERHAPS HAVE WONDERED WHY I HAVE NOT ATTENDED MANY MEETINGS OF LATE... IT IS FOR THE SAME REASON THAT I HAVE SLEPT LITTLE... EATEN NOTHING

...BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN OBSESSED BY THESE PAPERS...



SO TELL US... WHAT MAKES THEM SO IMPORTANT TO YOU?

THEY REVEAL...
...ARE YOU READY FOR THIS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF SATAN?...

...THEY REVEAL THE LOCATION FOR THE FOMAS DRACK...



...I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT... OH GOD...

...WHAT UTTER NONSENSE...

LISTEN, BROTHER... YOU THINK I'M GOING TO STAND UP HERE AND PUT MY REPUTATION ON THE LINE WITH SOMETHING THAT'S NONSENSE?

...IT'S NOT NONSENSE...

NO

... SHE SHOWED THEM THE PAPERS... SHE WAS BELIEVED AFTER MUCH ARGUING...
...THE GROUP ELECTED TO VISIT THE TOWNS IN OLD WALLACHIA... NOW RUMANIA... THEY SELECTED 3 MEMBERS TO MAKE THE TRIP... AND WITHIN A FEW DAYS THE 3 WERE CROSSING THE ATLANTIC...





...IT TOOK THEM HOURS AFTER DOING TO FIND THE TOMB-- THE PAPERS WERE DISCOVERED EASILY AND THEY WERE EXACT-- THEY STOOD AT THE BARRED GATE OF THE TOMB ITSELF WITHIN THAT GRAVEYARD AND KNEEL... FOR THEY WERE FILLED WITH AWE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MAN WHO WAS THE ORIGINAL REAL-LIFE DRACULA... FOR EVEN TWO HUNDRED DEAD AND BURIED FOR CENTURIES, CLEN IN THE PRESENCE OF COMPOSED DUST THEY WERE IN EXTRA-AWE...

...SO THEY PRAYED AND PRAYED...

...TO SATAN...

...IN AMUSEMENT THEY ENTERED THE CHURCH THAT ADJOINED THAT BAY GALLERY... ENTERED AND WERE ASTONISHED WHEN A LEATHERY, WEARY OLD PRIEST SHOWED THEM CHURCH RECORDS AND PAPERS...



...DETAILS THAT LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF AN ANIMAL FACT...

...PRIEST... THESE PAPERS SAY THAT DRACULA WAS BURIED BEFORE BURIAL...

IT'S A CHILD... VLAD THE WINNER, DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES IN HIS OWN BED... BUT EVEN AFTER DEATH THE SUPERSTITIOUS LOCALS PRAYED HIM-- THEY FELT THEY NEEDED PROTECTION FROM THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL VAMPIRES... AND SO WITH TRADITIONAL CEREMONY HE WAS DISBURIED BEFORE PLACED IN HIS TOMB...



...AND THE CORRUPT MACABRE SCHOLARSHIP OF THIS SAD, NOCTURNAL INFLECTION STINGS DIRECT AND BARBARIC IN IMPLICATION...

...FOR THIS THING IS THE FINEST THING EVER BORN EVEN IN ITS OWN TIME... AND NOW, IN OUR TIME... NO MAN ON EARTH CAN DESCRIBE ITS ULTIMATE CORRUPTION...

...IN THE TOMB, GASES IN THE AIR SWALLOWED, COLLAPSE... THE CRUEL, HIS PETIT ATMOSPHERE FILTERS IN TO WHERE THE BODY OF DRACULA LIES AT INSIDE...

...THEY COLLECT INTO A HORRID SOUL, BEGIN TO BEND INTO BONES... WOULD, FORM...





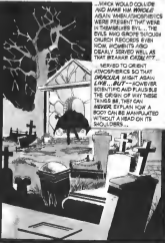
THIS MONSTROSITY IS THE
ORIGINAL REAL DRACULA...
RE-BORN...



GROPPING ABOUT IN THE SQUALOR OF HIS
CRYPT DRACULA SEARCHES FOR HIS HEAD...
...NEVER HAVING HAD A MIND HE DOES NOT
SEARCH FOR THAT REASON...
...NEVER HAVING HAD HUMAN EYES HE DOES
NOT SEARCH TO SEE...
HE SEARCHES OUT OF A NEED FOR A
SOCKET TO **BREATHE...**



FOR THIS DEAD THING NEEDS
LIFE -- AND LIFE CAN ONLY BE
HAD THROUGH THE CONSUMPTION
OF AIR... AIR WHICH CENTURIES
AGO ENABLED HIM TO PREPARE
FOR DEATH -- TO USE HIS STUDIES
OF OCCULT ALCHEMY TO
TRANSFIX HIS EXHAUSTED CARCASS
INTO MYRIAD GASSES...



...WHICH WOULD COLLIDE
AND MAKE HIM WHOLE
AGAIN. WHEN ATMOSPHERICS
WERE PRESENT THAT WERE
IN THEMSELVES EVIL... THE
EVILS WHO GROPE THROUGH
CHURCH RECORDS EVEN
NOW, MOMENTS AGO
DEARLY SERVED WELL AS
THAT BREAKER CATALYST...

...SERVED TO ORIENT
ATMOSPHERICS SO THAT
DRACULA MIGHT AGAIN
LIVE... BUT -- HOWEVER
SCIENTIFIC AND PLAUSIBLE
THE ORIGIN OF WHY THESE
THINGS BE, THEY CAN
NEVER EXPLAIN HOW A
BODY CAN BE MANIPULATED
WITHOUT A HEAD ON ITS
SHOULDER...

...WHAT ARE YOU DOING
IN MY CHURCH?...

...WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

"YOU PRACTICE
DEVIL CALLING IN
MY CHURCH?"

...OH GOD...
GOD ABOVE...

...NO...

DEFINING IT... WHAT BETTER PLACE
ON EARTH TO CALL UP THE SERVANT OF
OUR MASTER... THE LASSIE
LUDRUSE...



YES

...UGGGGGGGGHHH...

OH GRAND LUCIFUGE

MASTER OF INCUBATE EVIL... FATHER OF ALL THAT IS **UNWOLY**...

...WE CALL UPON THY SERVANT, WHO NO LESSER THAN THEE IS MORE **CORRUPT** THAN CORRUPTION ITSELF...

...OH **LESSER LUCIFUGE**, COME TO GIVE THY DEVOTED ONE THE PRIVILEGE OF THY **WILE PRESENCE**...

COME OH SERVANT OF THE MASTER... COME INTO THIS HOLY PLACE AND **SPILL** IT... COME ON MEANINGLESS EXISTENCE... COME AND WITNESS THE SACRIFICE OF THY SERVANTS IN THIS CHURCH OF GOD...

YOU HAVE DONE WELL TO SELECT THIS PLACE AS YOUR ALTAR...

...**SATHANAS** FINDS MUCH AMUSEMENT IN IT... HE IS **PLEASED**... AND PERMITS YOU TO MOUTH OF THE DESIRE WHICH NOW GUILTS YOUR TROUBLED MINDS...

...WE HAVE **NEED** OF THE MASTER'S ALL-SEEING **ATROCIOUS EYES**... WE NEED TO KNOW WHERE IS KEPT IN THIS WORLD THE **SKULL REMAINS** OF THE LONG DEAD VAMPIRE WHO DWELLS IN THE CRYPT NEATH THE ADJOINING GRAVEYARD...

...YOU MAY QUIT THIS SEARCH... IT IS WITHOUT **POINT**... FOR THE **HEAD** IS WITHIN THIS GOD-GRANTED **RELIGIOUS MAJOLUM**... IN THE CHURCH'S WALT-SAFE BELOW OUR VERY FEET...

...OUTSIDE A **MAN-MACABRE** IS DRAWN BY **DEMONIC** ATMOSPHERICS TO THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH... DRAWN TO WALK STRAIGHT ALTHOUGH HIS FOOTSTEPS ARE **BLIND**...

INSIDE THE GLISTEN REPARANT **AUCTION LOOKS**... TEAR AT AROUND **BARRELS**... CLUTCH AND LEEB AT THE TREASURE LOOKED THEREIN... **DRACULA'S VARIOUS SKULL**...

...AND INSIDE, DRAWN BY **EMOTIONAL** INSTINCTS THE **OWNER** OF THAT **DRIVING** THING MOVES NEARLY TOWARDS IT... STUNTING THRU THE HALLS... STUMBLING WITH EACH PROFOUND CRACK IN THE OLD STONE FLOOR... BUT **DRAWN WITHOUT** **RECOGNISE**...

...HE ENTERS...

...HE GROPES TILL THE HEAD IS GIVEN
SILENTLY, SHOOKINGLY!

...AND WHEN IT IS PLACED BY
TREMBLING HANDS IN ITS
SOCKET THERE UTTERS AN
AWFUL...PAINFUL...
SHRIEKING SCREAM

EEH AGOD GODAAAAA

...THE
PAIN.

...HE MUST BE
IN AGONY...

...THE
PAIN...

...FOR
THE SAME OF...
OF...

...OF... OH
SATAN HELP HIM
HELP HIM...

THE
PAIN!

SATAN--GOD--LET ME BE
RELEASED--LET ME DIE--I
CANNOT... TAKE THE PAIN...

...THIS... HEAD IS NOT MINE...
THE PRIESTS HAVE PLAYED A JOKE...
...I WEAR THE SKULL OF AN
APE...



HEAR
ME ENTITY...

... EITHER
ENTITY - ANY ENTITY...

ANY DEITY...

RELEASE ME... I CANNOT
ENDURE THE PAIN...



... BUT WHAT
HAPPENED?...
YOUR HEAD IS
NOW MIA...

... THAT IS MY
STORY MISERABLE...
THAT IS MY TALE...



BECAUSE IT IS NOT **ARISE**...
IT IS BUT A MASK LIKE THE
OTHERS IN THIS ROOM...

UNDERNEATH ARE FEATURES
THAT ARE NOT OF THE ONE
YOU SUMMONED... FOR
I AM, LIKE **GRACULA**
NOW, MERELY A SERVANT
OF THE MASTER. **SATAN**
COME AT HIS ORDERS TO
TELL YOU WHY YOUR
SCHEDULED GUEST
COULD NOT COME
TONIGHT...

... YOUR SCHEDULED
GUEST IS IN HELL... HE
WILL NOT LEAVE...

... EVER AGAIN...

FOR ANY
PURPOSE...

... THERE ARE MANY **DRACULAS** IN THIS
WORLD... ALL UNREAL... NOW YOU KNOW
THEY ARE ALL UNREAL... FOR THE ONLY
REAL DRACULA IS OBVIOUSLY DEAD.

... HE CANNOT BE RESURRECTED... ONLY
WERE SERVANTS AND DESCENDANTS AND
WOULD BE **DRACULAS** FROM ANACREON
FOREIGN OTHER PLANETS REMAIN IN THIS
EARTH-PLACE HABITAT...

... WHEN NEXT WE RETURN TO THIS
SHALLOW ISLAND... (WHERE NOW AS WE
CLOSE RYAN **MISERABLE** IS QUIETED
IN SILENT ASTONISHMENT)... HE WILL
UNMASK ANOTHER...

... BE HERE...



... THE SKELETONS IN THE DESERT were enfably degenerated when I came to this place. The flesh was vanished and the bone was a filthy yellow. The blood that soaked the effrayed clothes and which covered the sand was the only richness about the desecrated colors of those unloved remains. The ruins of the nascent city around shaded everything into profane gray, and the field was cutting through adobe cracks so burned certain of the bones that they grumbled at my touch. This foul dead place is as ancient as eggs, and as brutal in death today as it was in life yesterday when someone BURIED IT . . . someone whose name is forgotten and whose reasons are obscure . . . and . . . better forgotten too . . .

... and so starts my tale . . .

THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT

... By Archibald AL. HEWESON

and illustrated by Nicolas MAELO CINTRON



... I am WALTER SCOTIA, came to this place to dig up out of its filthy vaults pockets of gold left alone and unknown many centuries since the hell-hole's corruption and desecration. Certain documents came to my attention as curator of such odd artifacts at a small, mid-western university, where they were first regarded as curiosities and discussed in my lectures. Three of my students elected to take their reports of a hidden city in this dead desert seriously, and proceeded my own visit by a few days. It was at their dogged persistence by telegram wire that I decided to follow them here, where I found only their sad skeletons lying bleached yellow and horribly half-buried in the blowing filthy sand . . . remains that NOW WARNED ME to return to the security of the mid-west's sheltered old streets before it was too late! Here I was, however, and here was a discovery I was confident justified the risk of my life . . . for on this tiny globe to find an old place now exposed to fickle desert winds would make newspaper headlines and topical discussion . . . so did I justify my original thoughts as I decided to stay after my terrible discovery of the wretched skeletons of my poor students . . .

... as my thoughts were ORIGINALLY, but as I began to DIG and find the ghastly GOLD BANKS of this city, I seemed to become angry at the probable future of these riches! I realized that POSSESSION of such gold would be by government and bureaucracy, and I'd personally, probably, be left with only necessary public tokens which would soon wear and leave me once again a poorly-paid academic, struggling to keep ahead of even small day-to-day living expenses . . . and so, so obsessed did I become, regard for anthropological interest soon became secondary to a singular and dreadful Lust which totally overcame me and isolated my motives from . . .

... In retrospect I am ASHAMED of such an out-of-character self-nag, and I can hardly criticize the PAPER for portraying the MADNESS that did happen on the 3rd DAY . . . The 2nd day when the earth HEAVED and HELL came up to claim my rotted and evil soul . . . I cannot blame fate and I cannot blame God . . . for I limited all that happened, and my regrets and present self-pity are doomed to remain my eternal mindless crucifix . . .



... In this city of ruins there is much that is blacked by ancient sand, which I was forced to scrape and move in my futile efforts to uncover the golden treasures that lay there-under ... as I uncovered a large and deep tomb-like vault I presumed was a **BANK** of sorts, I was momentarily astounded and fear-struck by the great rush of wind which seemed to come out of a cracked adobe-cemented wall. The wind was ... a ... a greatly **HOWL**, which was at once fierce and frightening, principally because it came out of **NOWHERE** and tore about my ears with such sudden and violent ferocity that I was practically knocked down upon my knees (where, in improbable retrospect, I should have remained, clasped my hands in earnest prayer, and pleaded with God for deliverance). I looked up and around, grabbing with my hands at sand-covered-adobe-shelves which collapsed at my frantic and hopeless mad clutches ... but realizing the total vaporescence of the wind's origin I was bound up more in **CURIOUSITY** than in **FEAR**.



It seemed as if all **HELL** was conspiring with **NATURE** to collide with my intellect, so irrational was the sound and the fury that came without apparent cause or end ...

... In a moment I expected it to all die as all things die, but of course it could not die ... It was a **FETUS** ... a re-birth of a thing within that wall of hideous impotence. I began to shake and my nervous agitation stilled me and choked my blood when my panicked wails ... the fury would not sleep, not slow ... instead it seemed to become more and more furious, not slow ... the **SKY** was going to **CRACK** and suck me up ... I thought these single thoughts an unmeasurable long time ... and when the wind assumed a physical shape I was **RELIEVED** from the frustration of **SUSPENDED TIME**, tho I knew well what I now faced was greater than what had been, and more awful and degenerate than **ANYTHING** I could ever understand or endure ...

I knew in an instant what had befallen my students ...

the **THING** that formed out of air and fury had wings and was black; it had a face that was **GHULISH** and claws that turned the air itself, its manner and style was that of a **VULTURE** exactly ... one bred out of horror and some insane magician's humber in another century in this dead city ...

... the **THING** that was a **VULTURE** took up to the sky for a breath of air and an exercise of its wings, and it dropped on me and imbedded its impenetrable claws into my **HEAD** ... It lifted me from the ground and dragged me through the air at such tremendous speed I stopped breathing ... then it dropped me into the earth-sand and hovered above me shaking and **LAUGHING** ... It descended upon me again and affixed its claws to my **CHEST** which it picked with its hawk-beak 'til I was exposed and **DEAD** ...

... it removed from within me my heart which it devoured ... and it removed certain unfeelings and such veins as were hard, and it consumed them in-total ... it stripped off my flesh and sucked out my blood and spit out slow it did not enjoy onto the desiccated sand-surround ... I felt it all from start 'til finish and it was insupportable agony, terribly watched and depressed agony ... I went mad when I first fell to the sand ... and when I saw the thing's eyes that were only holes and only obscene blackness and blindness ...

the end came when the vulture left me and returned to its sand-raided crypt. The sun which had wasted till the vulture had finished now a coming down upon me and drying what is left, taking off my skeletal whiteness and making me paraded in color, and making me as I found my students, horrible and empty skeletal shells ...

I am the skeleton in the desert ...



...THIS IS A PROLOGUE... ONE THAT LASTS SEVERAL YEARS...

ARE YOU GONNA TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE NOW?

GIMME A MINUTE TO DRY MY HANDE WILL YA? I JUST FINISHED DRYING THE DISHES

SO WHADDYA WANT? ... A MEDAL?







...AND SO ENDS OUR RATHER LONG PROLOGUE...AND HERE STARTS OUR TALE...

THE TALE OF THE PERFECT CRIME







HARRY SAT ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE BATH TUB AND LAUGHED UNTIL HIS LAUGHTER WAS NO LONGER HUMAN... HARRY WAS INSANE... HE HAD BEEN INSANE FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS, HIS WIFE'S MURDERING HAD MADE HIM INSANE... A SHORT TIME AFTER HIS PERFECT CRIME THE NEIGHBORS COULD TAKE THE PERSISTENT LAUGHTER NO LONGER, AND CALLED THE POLICE... THEY CAME AND THEY TOOK HARRY AWAY... THEY PUT HIM IN AN ASYLUM... THEY DIDN'T DO IT BECAUSE HE'D MURDERED HIS WIFE... THEY DIDN'T KNOW HE'D MURDERED HIS WIFE... THEY TOOK HIM AWAY BECAUSE... BECAUSE SOMEONE HAD PULLED THE PLUG ON HIS MIND...



... Don't miss 'em or
you'll turn into
a degenerate vegetable ...



... THIS ...

... IS THE NEVER-TO-BE FORGOTTEN LIBRARY OF ...

BACK ISSUES

THE CRIME MACHINE



#1 \$3.00



#2 \$3.00



CAN ANY DEAD PERSON EVER FORGET THE GUTTERS CHOKED WITH BLOOD - THE EXTREME YET NONCHALANT VIOLENCE IN THE RAW AND MAD CRIME MACHINE? PROBABLY NOT. ONLY SOMEONE WHO HAS ACTUALLY SEEN THIS MAGAZINE OF INCREDIBLY STUPID FUNKS WOULD REALIZE IT DOESN'T BELONG ON ANY BOOKSHELF. BUT THAT'S OKAY. YOU CAN PUT IN YOURS IF YOU ORDER NOW!

CAN ANY LIVING PERSON FORGET THE BIKE-RIDING SUPERHERO, THE HELL-RIDER. SCRIPTED BY GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH ONLY SOMEONE WHO HAS NEVER SEEN THIS POWERFUL AND DYNAMIC CREATION WOULD DOUBT THAT THESE TWO AND ONLY TWO ISSUES ARE PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS WHICH HAVE GOTTA BE IN EVERY BOOKSHELF. IF THEY AREN'T IN YOURS THEY CAN BE NOW!

HELL-RIDER



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... WHATEVER HAPPENED IN THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH? ... WHO WAS EVIL IN THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF VOODOO? ... DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE DAY THE EARTH WILL DIE? ... THE TRUE COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY OF THESE MAGNIFICENT COMIC MASTERWORKS IS NOW AVAILABLE TO YOU DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER ... ALL COPIES ARE IN MINT CONDITION AND ARE HAILED IN A STURDY GREY MANILLA ENVELOPE MINUTES AFTER YOUR ORDER IS RECEIVED ... NO LIBRARY CAN EVER BE COMPLETE UNLESS YOU HAVE 'EM ALL ... MANY HORROR-MODE ISSUES ARE ALREADY SOLD OUT ... AND OUR REMAINING STOCK IS DWINDLING ... BEFORE IT DWINDLES INTO TOTAL DESTRUCTION ORDER THE COPIES YOU DON'T HAVE NOW ... IF YOU HIRE 'EM NOW ... TOMORROW YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY 10 TO 20 TIMES THE PRICE ... AND YOU'LL HAVE NO ONE TO BLAME SHY YOURSELF ... ARE YOU A STUPID PROGNOSTICATING CRETIN OR ARE YOU INTELLIGENT AND CAN ANTICIPATE THE UTTERLY BROGUEDEQUE ALTERNATIVE TO ORDERING NOW? ... YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YOU DON'T ORDER NOW? ... YOU WILL BEGIN TO SHUDDER A LITTLE ... THEN SLOWLY YOU WILL NOTICE YOURSELF BECOMING VERY NERVOUS ... AFTER A WHILE YOU'LL BEGIN TO HATE DAYLIGHT ... THEN NIGHTMARE ... THEN SOON YOU'LL HATE SETTING OUT OF BED AT ALL ... PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE TOTALLY BED-RIDDEN AND A HOPELESS DEGENERATE VEGETABLE ...

... DO YOU REALLY WANT THAT TO HAPPEN? DO YOU REALLY WANT TO BECOME TOTALLY BED-RIDDEN AND A HOPELESS DEGENERATE VEGETABLE?



PSYCHO NIGHTMARE

THE ARCHAID PUBLISHER —
SKYWARD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
16 EAST 41ST STREET, RM 1801
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

... DEAR ARCHAID PUBLISHER ... I WOULD LIKE TO COMPLETE MY COLLECTION OF YOUR ARCHAID MAGAZINES, AND HAVE SCRAMBLED AROUND IN MY POCKET, DRIPPING IT OF \$_____ WHICH I'VE ENCLOSED FOR ...

NIGHTMARE —1— 2— 3— 4— 5— 10— 11—
—12— —13— —14— ANNUAL —WINTER SPECIAL
PSYCHO —2— 3— 4— 5— 6— 9— 10— 11—
—12— —13— —14— ANNUAL
HELL-RIDER —1— 2— CRIME-MACHINE —1— 2—
NAKE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND ALL ELSE _____

... I ENCLOSE ALSO \$0.35 POSTAGE AND HANDLING, WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY, I REALIZE IS A NECESSARY EVIL ...





DO YOU
REALLY THINK
WE SHOULD DO
THIS, DOCTOR?

YES...WE DON'T
HAVE ANY
ALTERNATIVE. JARVIN.
THIS GUY IS SETTING
THINGS BACK
20 YEARS...

...WE HAD TO
COME OUT OF
RETIREMENT
TO STOP HIM...



YES. THIS GUY IS INFECTING YOUNG
MINDS WITH ALL THIS HORROR STUFF.
WE DIDN'T WORK TO HAVE CENSOR-
SHIP IMPOSED JUST SO HE COULD
COME ALONG AND
IGNORE IT.

...YOU SEE THE
STUFF HE'S PUTTING
OUT? IT'S WRITCHED
...MAKES SOME OF THE
THINGS WE OBJECTED
TO IN THE 50'S
LOOK TAME!



HE'LL SEE
YOU NOW,
SIR...

I HEAR HE'S GOT THIS
WEIRD PHILOSOPHY ABOUT
HORROR...HE FIGURES IF
HE'S PRODUCING A HORROR
MAGAZINE IT SHOULD
BE HORROR!

WELL, THAT'S NOT
ACCEPTABLE...
WHY DOESN'T HE PUT
FANTASY AND SWORD
AND SORCERY AND
SCIENCE-FICTION IN
HIS MAGAZINES?



...HE'S
GOT TO BE
STOPPED...

...WE MUST STOP
HIM, JARVIN...HE
CAN'T CONTINUE
TO WORK OUTSIDE
OUR CENSORSHIP-
SEAL...WRITING
ALL THOSE HORRIBLE
WRITCHED STORIES
TO CORRUPT
YOUNG
MINDS...

...HE'S
GOT TO BE
STOPPED...

THE COMICS MAGABRE



"...REMEMBER THE **FUSS** I CAUSED IN THOSE DAYS WHEN I WROTE ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT HOW COMICS WERE **DISTURBING** YOUNG MINDS AND INCITING **CRIMES**...PARENTS RIPPED THEIR KID'S COMICS AND ORDERED THEM TO STOP READING THEM AND PAY ATTENTION TO **MORE IMPORTANT THINGS** LIKE **TELEVISION**..."



"...YES I REMEMBER THAT, DOCTOR...DO YOU REMEMBER HOW I SET UP THE CENSORSHIP BUREAU...FORCING ALL THE HORROR COMICS **OUT OF BUSINESS** AND FORCING PUBLISHERS TO CONFORM TO MY REGULATIONS...REMEMBER THE BEAUTIFUL COMICS THEY BEGAN TO MAKE AFTER THAT?...THERE WAS "**LITTLE DODO**"..."**UNCLE ROOB**" AND "**ELMO, THE ELEPHANT**"...COMICS THAT KIDS SHOULD READ..."

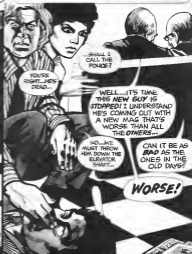


"YOU REMEMBER HOW **BAD** SOME OF THOSE GORY THINGS WERE..."

"YES, IT WAS **AWFUL**...
SIMPLY **AWFUL**..."

"IS HE **ABLEEP**?"

"I THINK HE'S **DEAD**..."



"SHALL I CALL THE **POLICE**?"

"YOU'RE **RIGHT**...HE'S **DEAD**..."

"WELL...IT'S TIME THIS **NEW GUY** IS **STOPPED**! I UNDERSTAND HE'S COMING OUT WITH A **NEW MAG** THAT'S **WORSE** THAN ALL THE **OTHERS**..."

"NO...WE MUST **THROW** HIM **DOWN** THE **ELEVATOR** **SHaft**..."

"CAN IT BE AS **BAD** AS THE **ONES** IN THE **OLD DAYS**?"

WORSE!



"REMEMBER THAT STORY WHERE THE GUY FED HIS WIFE INTO A GARBAGE DISPOSAL UNIT AND WHEN HE TURNED ON THE SINK FAUCET HER BLOOD CAME POURING OUT...GROSS...HORRIBLE..."



"...THOSE DAYS SHOULD BE LONG PASSED..."

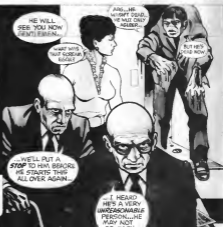
"BUT THEY AREN'T...THIS NEW GUY IS DOING STUFF THAT'S EVEN WORSE..."

"THROW HIM DOWN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT, BOSS"

"ARG..."



"...DID YOU SEE THAT STORY WHERE A BUNCH OF CRIMINAL LUNATICS JUMP ON THE HANDS OF A CRIPPLED MAN, FORCING HIM TO FALL 300 FEET ONTO HARD CONCRETE WHICH REDUCED HIM TO A BLOODY PULP...DISGUSTING..."



"HE WILL SEE YOU NOW GENTLEMAN..."

"WHAT WAS THAT GORDON ROBERT..."

"ARG...HE MIGHT BE DEAD, WE MUST ONLY ASKER..."


"BUT HE'S DEAD NOW"

"...WE'LL PUT A STOP TO HIM BEFORE HE STARTS THIS ALL OVER AGAIN..."

"I HEARD HE'S A VERY UNREASONABLE PERSON...HE MAY NOT"







...IT WILL SHORTLY BE JULY THE 4TH, THE NIGHT OF THE GREAT
PRESENTATION BY THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF PERIODICAL ILLUSTRATORS...
WHEN THIS SCENE TAKES PLACE HOWEVER, IT IS SOMETIME SHORTLY
BEFORE THAT AUGUST EVENT... ON THIS NIGHT THE EXECUTIVE
MEMBERS GROP around their EXECUTIVE TABLE AND ARGUE
OVER THE RECIPIENT OF THIS YEAR'S 'BEST ILLUSTRATOR'
AWARD...



...SHOULD I GO TO JERRY
TOLMAN?... WHOSE EXCELLENCE
NO-ONE ARGUES...



...OR TO JAY CRUMB?... THE
WILD AND DISTURBED ARTIST
WHOSE WORK HAS TAKEN THE
COUNTRY'S YOUTH AND SPREAD
THEY WENT OUT...



... 3 MEN ARE THE FINAL
CONTESTERS IN THIS MAD
CONTEST... YET THEY ARE
NOT ALLOWED TO SPEAK
OR EVEN BE PRESENT... THEY
ARE ONLY 3RD PERSON
SIMULACRA AS THESE JUDGES
DECIDE WHETHER TO SELECT...
THE EXCELLENCE OF JERRY
TOLMAN... THE PROCLIVITY
OF DEL ROSA... OR...

...OR PERHAPS TO DEL ROSA?...
THE SINGULAR ARTIST WHOSE WORK
BRACED THE COVER OF TIME ON
5 OCCASIONS THIS YEAR...

...THE STRANGE PAINTINGS OF JAY CRUMB...



NO... NO...
NO!

NO... NO...
NO... NO...

ON COME ON JACK... WHAT'S
WRONG WITH HIM... WHY DO
YOU INSIST ON REJECTING
WHAT SHOULD BE A UNANIMOUS
VOTE FOR CRUMB?



LOOK AT THIS
STUFF...
...THIS IS ART?
...ART?
...IT'S WEIRD... MED... WE
CAN'T GIVE OUR MOST
PRIZED AWARD TO A
LUNATIC
LIKE CRUMB...

YOU'RE JUST SOME JACK
JENNY... SOME BECAUSE YOU DON'T
GET IT LAST YEAR...
...OUR MINDS ARE MADE-UP...
CRUMB IS TO BE THIS YEAR'S
WINNER...



EN C'MON
JACK...

GO
TO HELL...

LET HIM GO... HE'S SOME JOSEF...
CRUMB IS OBVIOUSLY THE MOST
SUITABLE ARTIST...
...LET'S TELEPHONE HIM
THE GOOD NEWS...



ART?

CONGRATULATIONS... WE MET
TODAY AND SELECTED YOU
AS THE LUCKY GUY...

GREAT...
...HEY THAT'S REALLY FINE...
I CAN'T SAY I DON'T
ENJOY IT... CAUSE I DO

I'M NOT READY
FOR A DRINK...

NOT TONIGHT...
THANKS ANYWAY...
I GOTTA HIT THE
GACK... I BEEN
WORKIN' ABOUT
20 HOURS STRAIGHT...
I'LL DROP IN
TOMORROW AT THE
APPROXIM...

...SO TRUE... IT WOULD SEEM THERE IS NOTHING... AN...
OUT OF THE ORDINARY GOING ON HERE IN THIS
STORY... JUST A SIMPLE ARGUMENT AND INTRODUCTION
OF CHARACTERS... DOESN'T SEEM LIKE TOMORROW
FOUNDATION FOR A TALE OF THE MACHINES DOES
IT? ...PERHAPS AS WE JOIN THE BROODING JACK
JENNY THE NATURE OF OUR TALE WILL SUBSTANTIALLY
CHANGE... THE HORROR WILL BEGIN TO COMPOUND...
AND CERTAIN MAJOR REVELATIONS WILL SLOWLY
AND HORRIBLY BEGIN TO STRIKE US... FOR THIS...
IS THE ODD INTRODUCTION TO CERTAIN SCENES
OF TOTAL UNBROOKED HORROR TO FOLLOW...



...JACK JEANY IS SITTING ON A NECK BENCH OPPOSITE
JEV CRUMBS' HOUSE... IN HIS MIND HE HATES...
DESERVES...

...THIS CRUMB...
...IS RIDICULOUS...
...HE CAN'T EVEN UNSTIMATELY
...MUNT! HE'S MAD... PERVERTED...

...I MAY NOT HAVE HIS
...DEPRIVED MIND BUT AT LEAST
...I CAN MUNT...
...AT LEAST I UNDERSTAND
...THE HUMAN ANATOMY...

IN HIS HATE AND TOTAL
DISORDER HE GOES TO CRUMB...
TO CONFRONT HIM... MAKE HIM
ADMIT HE'S A FRAUD...

COME OUT
CRUMB... COME OUTTA
THERE... I WANNA TELL
YOU TO YOUR FACE
WANT A POKY
HACK YOU ARE...

...IN HIS SELF-PITY AND MINDLESS ANGER
HE CLIMBS THE STAIRS... SCREAMING OUTLIES WINDS
AFTER CRUMB... DEMANDING HIS ATTENTION...

CRUMB!
CRUMB GET DOWN
WHERE YOU LUNATIC...
WHERE ARE YOU?

...AND WHEN HE SEES
THE EYES IN THE
GROTESQUE SELF-
PORTRAIT OF CRUMB
THE ARTIST, HIS
STOMACH LUTHERS
AND TURNS...

...OH SOB...
...SOB...

...IN HIS PAIN AND INSECURITY JEANY ENTERS CRUMB'S
DARK HOUSE... ENTERS AND GROES FOR THE LIGHT-SWITCH...
AND AS HE FLICKS IT IS CONFRONTED BY UTTER
HORROR...

MY GOD...
...WHAT IS THIS PLACE...
...THESE PAINFUL... HE'S NEVER
SHOWN THESE THINGS ANYWHERE
PUBLICLY... NO MOTHER... THEY'RE
TOTALY DEGENERATED...



...AND IN HIS BORN,
DISEASED MIND,
JERRY CAN ONLY
THINK OF DESTROYING
HIS COMPETITOR...

DIE
YOU MONSTER...
DIE...

...YOU FIEND...
KILLMAN...SCOTCHIE...
UGLY CREEP...



...AND DESTROY CREATING THE
MASTER HE DOES...

...OH GOD...
...GOD...

THE THING IN THE PRINTING GRABS
OUT AND SCRATCHES AT THE AIR
BRABING AND GRASPING AT HIS HURDLES...

...WHAT?
...COULDN'T YOU LIST
WELL ENOUGH A GIVE?
...WHY JERRY F...

WHY?
...OH GOD...



YOU KILL
ME, SNAKE.
YOU KILL MY
WORDS.
WHYP

...AND WHEN THE OTHER THINGS
COME OUT OF THEIR HOUSES
JACK JENNY GOES COMPLETELY
ADD...

...WHAT **ELSE** HAPPENED IN THAT HOUSE THAT NIGHT WE CAN'T ENTIRELY SAY, BECAUSE IT...IT CAN'T
REALLY BE PUT INTO **WORDS** NOT EVEN...INTO **PICTURES**!
...BUT LET US JOIN THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF PEEKSHELL ILLUSTRATORS ON THEIR JULY 4TH
REWARD'S NIGHT... FOR A FEW NUTTY WORDS...



...AND SO WE PRESENT OUR ANNUAL AWARD TO **WATY CRUMB**... POSTHUMOUSLY...
...MR. CRUMB'S DEATH IS UNMISSEABLE... HE WAS AN ARTIST WHO WAS
WIDELY CONTROVERSIAL... PERHAPS THE **LAST** AND GREATEST ARTISTS
ILLUSTRATED **WHYP**... HE WAS FOUND DEAD INSIDE IT... MURDERED
BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAULT...

...APPARENTLY HE WAS IN THE PROCESS OF AN EXPERIMENT
...NOTICE THE RAISED 3-D EFFECT? ...**THIS IS**
A THING OF WRETCHED, AWFUL EVIL...

... we hope you enjoyed this screaming collection of lunatic stories from the SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD LIBRARY OF ILLUSTRATED TALES ... if you did, you will also enjoy our companion magazines published bi-monthly, and available at your local newsstand ...

... our two companion titles are about to celebrate their 15th ISSUES ... and in so doing we begin PHASE THREE of the HORROR-MOOD ...

... PHASE ONE was a period of EXPERIMENTATION, and we tried just about every new approach we could think of ... everything from a new look to our contents pages to a new story format, with stories being told over a two page spread instead of the usual page-to-page style ...

... PHASE TWO was a period of READERSHIP PARTICIPATION, and through our BUNCH OF QUESTIONS and our BIGGER BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we found out what you liked and wanted, what you disliked and didn't want, and what you couldn't care less about ...

... PHASE THREE begins NOW ... this is where we take what we've learned and SWING INTO ACTION ... and two things we've learned from PHASES ONE and TWO is that (a) you LIKE us to experiment occasionally, and (b) we can LEARN from your participation how we can entertain you best ...

... so PHASE THREE is UNDERWAY ... a blending of what we've tried and what we've learned ... a MASTER-BLENDO of what you said you wanted and our trying our best to give it to you ... the ingredients that make up PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE and SCREAM are GUARANTEED to be 100% HORROR

"... AND I SAW THE BIRTH OF NATURE..."



"... AND CIVILIZATIONS COME ... AND GO ..."

NIGHTMARE PSYCHO

...NOT EVERYBODY KNOWS
HOW TO SCREAM...
BECAUSE NOT EVERYBODY
KNOWS WHY TO SCREAM...

SCREAM

WE WILL TEACH YOU HOW
TO SCREAM LIKE YOU'VE
NEVER SCREAMED
BEFORE... TILL YOUR
MIND AND BRAIN ARE
EXPLODING WITH LUNATIC
SCREAMS



...YOU FIRST NEED A
REASON TO SCREAM...
LIFT UP YOUR EYES AND
LOOK AT THE **VAMPIRE
BAT** HANGING ABOVE...



...DO YOU FEEL ITS ROTTED
TEETH SHARPING INTO YOUR
NECK, AND SUCKING OUT
YOUR **PRECIOUS BODY
FLUIDS**...?



...NOW... LOOK LEFT... DO
YOU FEEL THE WRETCHED
EYES UPON YOU?... DO YOU
SENSE THE PRESENCE OF
SOMETHING DEAD...?

...NOW... YOU SEE THE
FETID EYES CUTTING
INTO YOURS... AND YOU
SEE THE TANGING THAT IS
DEAD ABOUT TO
OBLITERATE YOU FROM
THIS EARTH...



...NOW LOOK RIGHT... DO
YOU FEEL LIKE CHOKING
AT THE SIGHT OF...?



...THE THING THAT
SLITHERS...?



THE OPEN YOUR
MOUTH, CLOSE YOUR
EYES... THE SWELLING
SOUND WITHIN YOU IS
COMING NATURALLY...

...AND THAT MACABRE
SOUND IS A SCREAM!



...AND NOW YOU ARE
QUIET... EXCEPT... FOR YOUR
UNCONTROLLED WEeping...

...THIS... IS WHERE YOU
WILL LEARN ANFUL REASONS
TO SCREAM... INSIDE THIS
FETID FIRST ISSUE...